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7 20 a	8 05 p	Coolidge	10 00 A	
7 40 8	8 50 P	Gallup.	8 48 8	6 57
10 17 .	11 06 P	Navalo Springs.	6 35 6	4 40
11 46 a	12 43 a	Holbrook	.1 4 53 8	2002
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		Plagstaff	1 05 #	
5 50 p	7 45 4	Prescott Junction	11 20 1	6 23
ACC P	10 39 A	Peach Springs	4.50	4 45
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20.00	0.00	Wenness	2.55	2.25
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GIVE ME A CALL

"NOBLESSE OBLICE."

CHAPTER L.

Carew. She was standing in her dressing room and in her hand was a plain gold bracelet on which was engraved the motto "Noblesse Oblige." It was Doris 21st birthday, and the bracelet had come that morning, amongst the numerous gifts that were making her dressing table look rather like a

stall at a fancy fair.
"Shall I wear it!" she repeated, a little doubtfully, and then her lips relaxed into a smile. "How extravagant it was of him to buy it! but I suppose the motte tempted him. I wonder if he remembered the night when we were all chosing mottoes, and he and I both fixed on that? I wonder—"
"Doris," said Lady Carew, now coming into her daughter's room, "are you not ready! There are carriages coming up the drive, and Sir Philip Chiaholm has been

ere nearly half an hour." "But that is his own fault, if he chose to ome before the time," said Doris, with un-

She clasped the bracelet on her arm and ollowed her mother down stairs and out into the garden, where the freshly marked tennis-courts shone in the afternoon sun, and Sir Philip Chisholm, a tall, soldierly

man, with iron-gray hair and a keen, bronz

someonical than the ordinary kinds, and amnot be sold in competition with the mal litude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. ed face, was walking rather disconsolately by Lord Carew's side. Another man was there also, a young lieutenant, whose face brightened at the sight of Doris, and then relapsed into a gravity born of the fact that his regiment was under orders for India, and that this FROST & STEPHENS, ould be his last day at Underciff or, indeed, in England.

It is permitted to a man to look sad when he is looking his last on "England, home and beauty," and though Wilfrid Lyle word a brave-enough front all day, when at last he found himself standing by Doris on the verge of the cliff, and gazing down on the sea that was to bear him away from her tonorrow, the face the girl saw in the luminus June twilight was very grave and sad Doris herself was conscious of fightin against similar feelings, but the conscious

suggestively, looking toward the house.
"Is that any reason why we should?" said Mr. Lyle quickly. "My last night, Doris; and if we wait a few moments the moon will be up. I would like to see it rise once

ess only made her anxious not to betray

more, with you."

The sea lay full in front of them, the water looking dark and still in the evening Particular attention paid to allorders light, and the waves breaking in soft little oles on the beach below. Overhead the sky was palely blue, with stars faintly flickering here and there, but almost as he Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. spoke it seemed to widen and brighten, and a streak of gold gleamed on the water's

"There it ia," said Doris, under her breath—"ob, Wilfrid, how lovely it is! When one sees anything so beautiful as that doesn't it seem as if all one's life must be obler and better for having seen it!" "Yes," assented Mr. Lyle, in a tone of deep conviction. But he was looking at

Doris, not at the moon and sea.

If he had only been rich—as rich as Sir
Philip Chisholm, for instance, who had
come back from India with a lac of rupees KINGMAN, - - ARIZONA. and a K. C. B.—what might he not have ventured to say to her now! But what right had he to speak of love to this proud young beauty, who could as little mate with SODA WORKS princess of the realm! There was some distant cousinship between them that gave the entre of the house and the right to call her "Doris," but he told himself bitterly that Lord Carew would as soon think of

giving Doris to his footman as to him. And Doris! This was the question which een shaping itself on his lips all day, but which, it seemed to the penniless Lieutenant, honor forbade him to ask of Dorie to-night-Doris, who had smiled on him he knew, but whose smiles were like the sunshine, and fell equally on the evil and the good, or at least, upon Sir Philip Chisholm and himself.

There was, perhaps, not quite the equality he imagined; but Wilfrid Lyle was humble in his love, as all men are who love worthily and well. But humble as he was, and stern-ly as he had told himself that it would be a ase requital of Lord Carew's hospitality to make love to the young beauty who was destined for so much more brilliant a match, Orders by mail solicited. Wilfrid Lyle felt his resolution almost over thrown as Doris moved her arm and the moonlight glittered on the bracelet he had sent her that morning. Would she have chosen that of all others to wear to-day if she had not liked him a little!

But that did not alter the fact that he had no right to woo her; and was not the egend on the bracelet he had chosen for per "Noblesse oblige!" Would she never ruess all that it meant to him, or all he was o surrender for it!



AT LAST SHE TOOK ONE AND HELD IT SHYLY TOWARD HIM.

He stood so long silent that Doris glanced shyly at him, and then looked away as silent as himself. Something in his face made it impossible for her to speak. She stood by him with half averted face. tooking at the smooth summer waters, and listening to their plash upon the beach. Suddenly he moved a little forward with

quick, impatient gesture.
"Do you know what I would say to-night. asked, abruptly, coming so close to her that their shadows blended on the narrow path-GIVE me a call and you will come their shadows ble again. None but the best work way behind them.

Doris did not answer; what answer could AGENT for the following Wind mounting in her face, and her heart beating Mills which will be put up to or till she thought he must hear it as plainly as she did herself. Her fingers plucked restlessly at the flowers that lay against ECLIPSE, CALIFORNIA, ECONOMY, the slim white throat, and he laid his hands

"Don't," he said. "Give me one instead. It is all I ask Doris; all I dare ask before I

Shop on Besle Street west of King- go."

And then the talk fell on other matters, sort of thing doesn't kill reveals papa."

There hesitated, for the flowers were, as and Doris joined gayly in it. Whatever sort of thing doesn't kill reveals papa."

There was a slience that seemed vocal to both, and then Wilfrid loosed her hand

with a long-grawn sigh.
"There is a motto," he said, touching lightly the golden circlet on which the moonbeams glittered cold and bright, "that every gentleman, however por, may take for his own. It is mine, Doris, though it means the surrender of all that could make life worth having. I can not tell you what I would to-night, for both of us have duties, and the motto we both have chosen in

CHAPARR II. It is three years later, and Doris Chrew is unwedded still. Lovers have come to her in plenty, men who wood her for money, and men who wood her for herself, but she has had the same answer for them all. She does not wish to marry, she says, or at least

The words might seem to leave a loopho for hope, but no one who hears the shy thrill in Miss Carew's voice, or sees her eyes when she utters them, ever hopes again. They go away, one after another, and Doris does not regret them. She is content, well content, she tells herself, on one of the sweet summer evenings that alon the branch of a great tree that grows conveniently low, and looks straight before her with eyes that are-wistful rather toan sad. And then she smiles ever so little, and whispers again, "Well content—to

wait!" She has come out to gather flowers, and the size of her basket bears witness to the magnitude of her intentions; but the basket is empty, and the flowers bloom ungathered at her feet. She is lost in thought, in musings that are not without sweetness, but that give a pensiveness to her face that was

not there three years ago, and which end at last in a long-drawn sigh.

It is just three years since Wilfred Lyle went to his man's life of circumstance and change, with its rare touches of memory change, with its rare touches of memory and feeling, and Doris was left to a girl's life of memory and feeling, with its infre-quent touch of circumstance or change, and she has scarcely heard of him since. Some-times she saw his name in the papers, and once or twice her father has heard from him, and that is all. There was a letter yesterday, stiff and formal, as a man's letters are apt to be when the thought that may not be spoken outruns the common place civilities that may.

"Remember me to Doris, if she has not for otton me," Wilfred had written, and Lord Carew, reading nothing between the lines, had read it out before them all.

"No, I have not forgotten him," Doris said quickly, but with such a flaming blush that Sir Philip Chisholm, who was dining at Undercliff, asked, in a startled voice, of whom they were speaking.

"Who, who, did you say?" he stammered, looking at the foreign letter in Lord Ca-"Wilfrid Lyle, a sort of nephew of mine, in the Rifles, you know. Don't you remem-ber he was down here two or three years

Sir Philip did not remember it, but the name fixed itself now in his mind foreverthe name at which Doris had blushed. It had come to be patent to every one that Sir Philip Chisholm was paying his addressed to the stately young beauty who had sent away so many younger men, but though he owned, with a sigh, that he never receive anything that the most sanguine man could take for encouragement-nothing but those pleasant smiles which Doris accorded to all, and which, as Wilfred Lyle had said, fell equally on the evil and the good—he had always comforted himself by the reflection that if she showed him no preference, he

could certainly point to no one more favored than himself. And now, here was Doris, blushing like the morn! Was it wonderful that he felt he should never forget the name Wilfrid

He did not hear it again at Undercliff, bu some months later he was dining at Park hurst, and the name smote his car at mess There was the clatter of many tougues, and Sir Philip was a little deaf, but he caught Mr. Lyle's name, and it seemed to him that it was a wedding they were talking of.

"Did I understand you that Mr. Lyle is married!" he asked his neighbor, a very unfledged lieutenant, who seemed to have lmost lost his normal shyness in speaking of the event that might mean so much to Col. Sir Philip Chisholm. "Yes, last week," answered the boy read-

ily. "He married a cousin of mine, an awfully jolly girl, and I've just come back from the wedding. They met on the steam er coming home." "Was his name Wilfrid?" asked Sir Phil-

ip very anxiously. "Yes, I think so. But Kate was shy, and

always called him Mr. Lyle.
"You're not sure about the Wilfrid, then; I should very much like to know, I-I

fancy he may turn out to be an old friend of mine," said the Colonel mendaciously. He looked so anxious and disturbed that the young man said he believed he had one of Lyle's cards in his room, and would ook for it after dinner, and Sir Phillip took care that the promise was kept. Before he rode home that night he had een the card, and the name upon it was

Wilfrid C. Lyle." Sir Phillip Chisholm felt that the oblong little bit of pasteboard was a trump card went to Undercliff; but he knew very little of Doris if he expected her to show an outward wound. Just for a moment her lips were white, or he fancied so; the color was in them again so quickly, he could not be sure. Perhaps he did not wish to be. To pain Doris was not his desire, only to let her know that the man at whose nar had blushed a year ago could be nothing to her now. And as he looked at her, he began

to think that it was all a mistake, that the blush at which he had so disquieted him self had meant nothing. If it had meant all he fancied, could she have looked as she did now. "I wonder Wilfrid did not tell us?" said Lord Carew. "But I have not heard from

him for a long time now. He has left off writing, I think." "Yes," said his wife, glancing a little anxiously at Doris, and looking as quickly away. "Are you sure, Sir Phillip, that it

"It is Wilfrid C. Lyle; that is all I know," said Sir Philip, and Doris said in a voice that was only a little clearer and sharper than usual: "Yes: Wilfrid Carew. That is his name

I know." "You know more than I do," laughed her father. "He never uses the 'Carew,' and I

had forgotten all about it." And then the talk fell on other matters

Mr. Lyle knew well enough, forget menots, and Doris Carew was not a girl who gave flowers for the asking, least of all flowers like these. But at last she took and held it shyly towards him, and the long fingers closed on hers.

So Philip had brought, she heard it and made no sign. Other women might have betrayed themselves in so sharp and sudden a shock, but "Nobless oblige," and Doris Carew only smiled in her pain.

Sir Philip went home walking on air, and before Wilfrid Lyle's honeymoon had well run out he had asked Doris to be his wife, and Doris had consented.
"I know I am not worthy of you," the
chivalrous soldier said, "but if you could
try to like me Doris! Could you learn to

like me—in time—do you think!"
"How can you tell!" said Doris, with a sad little smile; "how can 1 tell!"

BIt seemed to Doris that she had done with love forever. Once she had thought whispering in shyly to herself among the summer flowers, that she loved Wilfred Lyre, but if she was sure of everything now it was that this was no longer true. She, Doris Carew, love a man who had man! The wild pain that tore her heart at the thought was indignation, contempt,

hatred-anything but love, "I can not tell if I shall ever love you," she said to Sir Philip now. "I only know that I do not love any other man, and that I never shall."

"Then I am not afraid!" said Sir Philip, and he bent and and kissed the fair, proud

face that turned so pale at his touch. When he looked at her again there was a strange somber scorn in the sweet, dark eyes; but it was for herself not for him. For in the second in which Philip Chisnolm held her in his arms, and pres lips to hers, she knew-and hated herself for the knowledge-that she would have gladly given all the years of her life if it could have been not Philip Chisholm, but Wilfred Lyle. And so she stood leaning against the heavily mullioned window curiously agitated and disturbed, and Sir



She would not have trembled in his arms, adjibeen so agitated by his kiss, he told imself, if she had not been much nearer loving him than she know.
Suddenly Doris lifted her head and

"There is something I ought to tell you," she said, in tones that were low and faint with effort; "and perhaps you will not care for me when you know." "Perhaps not!" he said, smiling, But

"I did not tell you quite all the truth just now," she whispered, and her eyes were so full of pain that he caught her hand, and held it, as one holds the hand of a friend under the surgeon's knife. "I—I did care

for some one else-once." Philip drew a long breath of relief-"Is that all?" he said, kindly, with the serene acquisence of age in the inevitable follies of youth. "My dear Doris, men of

Doris felt as if she had subjected herself to an unnecessary humiliation. Her face rimsoned as she answered rather coldly-"Perhaps I need not have told you. But I was advised a good while ago to take 'No-

lesse oblige' for my motto, and I have."
"You have done all that is noble and right," said Sir Philip, "and, believe me, I appreciate your confidence. But if you can assure me that you care for no one class now, it is all I ask. You do not love this other man-whoever be is-still? "Still?" she flashed out, indignantly.

Still! Am I am not Doris Carew! But when Sir Philip had gone, Doris crept away to the grassy verge of the cliff and threw herself on the soft turf in a passion of shame and pain. It might be true, it was true, she told herself vehemently, that she did not love Wilfred Lyle nowher marriage would prove that to every one, even to him, even to herself; but not the less was earth desolate and heaven far.

"Doris!" called Lord Carew, "Doris, where are you!" There were disturbance and a sort of excitement in his tone, and as Doris opened the library door and came into the wide sunlit hall he looked at her with almost comical consternation. It was the day before her wedding, and Doris had been writing farewell letters all the morning. and looked tired and pale, but Lord Carew was too perturbed to notice his daughter's

"The strangest thing has happened!" be said. You remember Wilfrid-Wilfrid

"Yes," said Doris, steadying herself against a marble table, and feeling that she could not have uttered another word to save

"He has come into a fortune, it seems His father died lately and an uncle and cousin since, so Wilfrid has come in for the Deerhurst estate.

"Yes!" said Doris, in tones that tried to be indifferent. Why should her father tell her of Wilfrid's good fortune, or assume that it could be of interest to her? She drew herself up, and her brows contracted but Lord Carew was more embarrassed than herself. "Well, he is a rich man now, and-and the short of it is, Doris, that i must have been all moonshine about his marriage. He can't be married, for he doesn't seem to have heard of your engage. ment, and he writes to ask me for your hand-be does, upon my honor! Poor fellow. I'd no idea he'd ever thought of

to offer you.' Doris did not speak. What was there she could say! But the table against which she leaned was hardly colder than the hand that rested on it.

you; but he says he has for years, and didn't like to speak till he had something

"The curious thing is that he doesn't seem to have much doubt of his answer,' pursued Lord Carew. "He says he is coming for it himself, and will be with us this evening. It's awkward to know what to do-and Chisholm coming to dinner, too! 'Pon my life, it's quite a little comedy." Doris set her teeth, and her eyes flashed

"Yes," she said "I dare say that is the best way of looking at it." "It won't be Wilfrid's way I am afraid," said her father. "He seems desperately

hard hit.' "Does he!" said Doris, with a curious little smile. "He will get over it. That

She went away, with the young life pulsating fiercely in her voins, a girl whom "that sort of thing" had not been able to slay, and her father looked after her is

some perplexity.
"She takes it very cooly," he said, glancing again at the letter in his hand; "but Wilfrid! I'm afraid he'll feel it very much. And the post gets in here so late there's no time to stop him; not even if I telegraphed. Poor fellow, I shan't know what to say to nim. I shall have to break it to him as bes I can; but I'd rather face a cavalry charge."
And indeed, Lord Carew felt a tightening of his throat and a mistiness of his own eyes as he told the disappointed sultor he had come too late. Wilfrid heard him with a dreary patience, bearing it as such men bear adverse fate-composed enough to outward seeming, but with a bitterness in his heart that was like the bitterness of death. Lord Carew seemed, indeed the more moved of the two, but he understood the other's stern self-command, and when Mr. Lyle asked to see Doris be did not

not know how to refuse. "It can't hurt you to say a civil word to him," he said, when Doris shrank back; "it isn't as if you had cared for him, you

"No," said Doris, faintly. "Then go to him, my dear. He will say nothing to pain you; he is too much of a contleman for that. And, after all, it is not your fault, you know. You have no

cause for self-reproach." "Does be know about to-morrow?" "Of course, of course. I told him every-

by.' You can't refuse him that, poor felow, if it's any consolation.' No; Doris felt that she could not refuse. She went into the drawing room

where Wilfrid was waiting, telling her self proudly that she should, at least, know how to meet him! as Philip Chisholm's bride—she, Doris Carew! But the proudest women so rate their strength. She had not realized what it would be to stand face to face with

him once more, to feel her hands in his, to meet the eyes and hear the voice for which she had hungered so long in vain. She stood mute and pale, unable to utter a There was a cloud of pain and wonder in Wilfrid's eyes, and his face was almost as

white as her own.
"Doris," he said, "Doris!" There could be no pretense of commonplace greeting be-tween them, but till she heard his voice have been that there should have been no greeting at all. She looked up, too shaken and agitated to speak, but perhaps her si-lence seemed to both more natural than speech. In that supreme moment of meeting, neither thought of conventional civili-ties, neither thought of anything but the other. Neither of them even saw that s gentleman in evening dress had come in nannounced, and was standing just with-

in the door, as if turned into stone. "Doris," sald Wilfrid, "I will not take your father's tale without a word from you. Is it true! And is this thing of your own

She bent her head silently, and he let her

"And I thought such different things, he muttered. "Did you not know how loved you? Doris, did you not know?" "How could I!" she whispered in a tone less voice. "They said—they said"—. Her voice faltered, and trailed off into a despairing silence, but Mr. Lyle under-

"They told you I was married! Your my age do not expect to be a girl's first father had heard some foolish story about that. I suppose there was some confusion with my cousin Charley, who was married a little while ago; but surely you might have

"It was Wiifrid," she interrupted, "Wilfrid C. Lyle!"

"Of course-Wilfrid Charles. We call him Charlie to distinguish him from me, but he is always called Wilfrid at home Was that the dreadful mistake that robbe me of you! Oh, Doris, Doris! How could you believe it-you? Had you forgotten that last night, and what you gave me

She hid her face with a sharp and bitte cry, and the man who was watching them, himself so unthought of and unseen, scowled flercely, and clenched his hands as h

"Did you not care for me when you gave me this?" said Wilfrid, and his tone com pelled her to look up. He held out an open pocket-book, and on it lay a small withered ower, scentiess, and brown, and dry. "Did you not care for me then?" be repeated; and Doris could not speak, could not even control the trembling that shook her from head

"You loved me then!" he cried, with swift conviction; "and, Dorris, my Dorris!

believe you love me now! A moment Doris bent her head on her lasped hands, and then she stepped back pace, and looked at him, and trembling as she was, her gaze neither shrank nor wavered. Her face was set and pale, but there was something so noble and lofty in her look that both the men held their breath.

"Dear," she said, "this is the last time I shall ever see you, and if it is any comfort to you to know that I love you, take it! But word or wrong the good and noble gentleman whose wife I shall be to-morrow. Did
you not yourself teach me 'Noblesse oblige!''
Her tone and look went to Wilfrid's
Dhilin
The tone and look went to Dhilin

The tone and look went to Wilfrid's bardic costume, with a cap of antique form, heart, and not to his only. Sir Philip blue robes and a red girdle.

Chisholm strode suddenly down the room, and fronted them with eyes that

held a great sorrow and a great resolve. "Miss Carew," said the gray-haired sol-dier whom Doris had called, not untruly, a good and noble gentleman, "Miss Carew, I have come to bid you good-by. I love you too truly to sacrifice your life to mine. Yes, Doris, my darling! I know you were willing. I know that you would have kept your word and done your duty-and broken your heart in doing it! Do you think I will let you do it, or that an old soldier shall be outdone in heroism by a girl? 1 left in his-will dated April 23, 1790, \$5,090 to too, have a duty to perform, and that is to set you free. I. too, have a watchword, and it is, like yours and his-Nobles oblige."

A Tall Negro. Orlando, Fla., has a colored citizes.

who carries the top of his head 6 feet 81 inches above terra firma, and as he is of slender build, he appears much taller. His name is Bob Washington. Bob's pedal extremities have paced the Shetland Isles, whereas there are fewer along in growth evenly with the rest of there now than probably in any other his anatomical development, and he is quarter of the globe. There was a time of little use as a hoe-hand, his feet when some rich families in that group of of little use as a hoc-hand, his feet covering up all the grass in reach, but for gathering oranges without the aid to the lords and fine gentlemen of the southof a step-ladder he is a success.

A lecture on fruit should always begis with a near cration.-Merchant Traveler, dustry.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Natural gas saves Pittaburg 7,000,000 tons of coal per year.

The chrysalis is like the hired man—they both make the butter fiy.

Claus Spreckels is convinced that beet sugar will beat the Sugar Trust. Man will never be a free agent so long as

Two Hebrews own the site of ancient

A genuine Stradivarius violin 168 years old is in possession of Thomas Williams (colored), of Chestertown, Md. Its value is \$3,000.

Denmark now produces 50,000,000 pounds of butter in a year, there being, among a population of 2,000,000, no fewer than 900,-

Robert Browning bears a striking resem-blance to James G. Blaine. Nobody, even at campaign time, ever accused the latter of writing poetry.

Oliver Wendell Holmes received a con-

gratulatory telegraphic message on his 80th birthday from an entire stranger, marked "Collect 90 cents."

There are altogether about 17,000 Arabs in this country, and not 10 per cent of them have a settled home or any other means of support than peddling.

An old bachelor of Vienna left a strange lady who smiled at him every day his entire ortune. He is not the first man whose ortune went for "smiles."

A projected canal across the upper part of Italy, connecting from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, would take six years to build and cost \$125,000,000. Bull-fighting pays. Frascuelo, the Span-ish toreador, has retired with a fortune of

\$600,000. A great many shabby Catalonian buils had to retire before him. The German court dress is to be reme ed after an ancient costume which o

prised knee breeches, buckle shoes, a sword, a three-cornered hat and also a periw'g. Willie: "Mamma, what does nil desperan-dum mean?" Mamma (who is married to a politician): "It means, my child, that there are a good many offices to be distributed

An eagle weighing nine tons has arrived in Brooklyn from its home in the moun-tains of Maiue. It is of granite, and will be placed over the main entra An aged farmer of near Georgetown,

computes that in going to Georgetown three times per week during the past forty years, the distance each way being seven miles, he has traveled 87,800 miles. In analyzing congregational generosity it is found that among the baptists 35 cents is the annual contribution per head; the methodists, 74 cents; episcopal, \$1.37; presbyterians, \$3.17, and the Dutch, \$5.21.

Olive Harper gives this remedy for prickly heat: Hathe the places in a weak solution of saleratus water and then dry

them with a soft cloth, and afterwards powder them with a powder made of equal parts of fuller's earth and rice flour. Grand Haven, Mich., picked up its ears with surprise and distinctly heard the booming of the guns in the sham see right at Milwaukee, eighty-four miles away. The country is tolerably level between Grand Haven and Milwaukee, but very damp.

Mary Anderson is responsible for the popularity of English shoes among American women. Mary's feet are not small, but she had the courage to abandon French foot-gear for shoes in which she could walk comfortably. Her example has

Natural gas as a fuel has been in use about fifteen years. There are now em-27,330 miles of pipe mains. In Pittaburg alone there are 500 miles, and the consumption of gas there represents an annual con-sumption of 7,000,000 tons of coal.

An Arizona paper says that at Proctor's Well, Santa Rosa, the shells of seventeenyear locusts were brought up from a depth of 763 feet, to which depth the piping extends. It says: "There was quite a quan-ity of them. The entire shell was perfect; also the limbs and the hairy covering of the Fifty-five years ago a Rockland (Me.)

youth of 20 wrote a letter to one of the girls in school. The sudden appearance of he teacher up that way frightened him and he tucked the missive between the laths of the partition behind him. The schoolhouse was torn down the other day and the letter was recovered by the writer. The senate stenographers have a reputa tion, attained after long years of service, as the most expert and absolutely correct reporters in the world. They are said never

to make a mistake and have a reputati

that score. The quartette receives for its service \$25,000 per annum, out of which they pay the cost of transcribing their Queen Victoria was much pleased while in Wales with the music of the Welshmen. She especially liked their singing and their manipulation of the harp. At one dinner eight narpers played during the banquet.

A condemned criminal in England must be allowed to see three Sundays between his sentence and his execution. Of course, he can thus be hanged in a little over two weeks, but the three Sundays must pass over his head before the gallows claims him. The custom is a relic of medieva times, when a prisoner was allowed that much of a respite to prepare for death.

A large public bath will soon be erected in Philidelphia, from money left by Beajamin Franklin and John Scott. Franklin be used by Philidelphia in such a way that after the lapse of a century the principal and interest should amount to a sum large enough to make valuable improvements, In 1816 John Scott added \$4,000 to this sum. The principal now amounts altogether to about \$110,000. Ten thousand dollars of this will be laid aside for another century after the new bath is constructed.

An importer of Shetland ponies is authority for the statement that a wrong impression prevails that these ponies are bred in islands, with recollections of feudal times, used to take great pride in sending ponies ern boroughs. Now the average Shetlander is so poor that the breeding of Shetland ponies has given way to the smoked fish in-

NUMBER 47.